

COMPLAINT.

*Nobilitas orlus.
Decorus vultus
fortis. Ar. gladiatoria*

princely fauours I did dayly finde,
number many, those that did excell.
Which should I reckon, time I might be spending,
But tongue would faint, before it came to ending.

ch mightie king, as he his crowne atchiued,
and one an other in his throne succeeded,
w'd forth his plenty, and my state releued,
God cause at last, that I but little needed,
Well may he swim, withoutten dread to drowne,
Whose chin vpheld, is fau'd from sinking downe.

And

And

Ar

so wa mine, immortall may they be,
whom my good, by whom my glorie raised,
old their acts in all eternitie,
en worlds do want, yet let their deeds be praised,
that my words or prayers may preuaile,
before their praises world and time should faile.

in my first founders thus haue I encreased,
ord of those, the Diadem aduanced,
ce with their deaths, their large deuotions ceased
by their deaths, my better fortunes chaunced:
s one gaue place, and left what he intended,
he next successor what he found amended,

famous king (of zeale) dooth me endew,
wished freedoms and immunities,
next, confirms, augmenting it with new,
graunts most large and ample liberties.
is my dispersed members stronglie knitteth,
other, decks with names which worship sitteth.

Ant. Dico, am. Dico. In

Quod fuit in dicto ab. Ar. bar. In

LONDONS

In sundrie titles worshipfull I was,
 Yet worship was no end of my ascending,
 From worship vnto honor I did passe,
 And there I leaue, an honorable ending.
 Illustrious kings, whom maiestie did moue,
 Did still contend, to grace me with their loue.

From *Lud* vnto *Eliza*, thus I fared,
 Sacred *Eliza*, *Empresse of the weste* :
 To whom the world yeelds none to be compared
 A Saint, a Virgin, and a Queene the least,
 Mirror of women, all mens admiration,
 The worlds wonder, heauens sweet contemplation

Vouchsafe (O goddesse) to my maz ed sprites,
 My sprites, amazed at thy maiestie,
 Thy maiestie, my fainting tounge recites,
 To bafe to blazon thine eternitie.
 Pardon (O Princeesse) my to-barren muse,
 Vnworthie farre, thy glorious name to vse.

London (O Goddesse) freely dooth confesse,
 Bound by thy bountie and magnificence :
 That hart not thinkes, nor tongue can well expresse
 Nor words, nor worth, can yeeld due recompence
 Words, for thy praises, hart cannot deuise,
 Nor for requitall, may whole worlds suffice.

Long maist thou liue, faire Londons wished blisse,
 Long maist thou raigne, faire Albions happines,
 Liue, raigne and bee, when that no being is,
 Triumphant ouer all, that with thee lesse.

Johan: Blackst

¶ **Balthasaris Castilionis Co-**
mitis De Curiali siue Aulico
Libri quatuor, ex Italico
Sermone in Latinum L-15-10
conuersi.

Bartholomæo Clerke Anglo
Cantabrigiensi Interprete.

Nouisimè Æditi,



LONDINI
apud Thomam Dawson
Tipographum.

Anno Domini.
1585.